THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

As it is well understood, that in order to furnish a proper variety in this sheet, we must frequently, *from a barrenness of matter*, offer that with which we cannot agree in sentiment; our readers will not censure *us*, for any thing heterodox contained in the present essay. They will not quarrel with the editor, for permitting P. W. to expose his cloven foot in averring, that *any* woman, possessed of good sense, as the most of women are, would be "puffed up" by the mere whining of the most servile suppliant.

With respectful deference, we present to our readers, the following "advice," from a new writer in this miscellany. How far his platonic system of *reasoning* with an inexorable mistress, will obtain, is not for us to say; but we are of opinion, that it has more the appearance of a selfish bachelor's sermon, than the genuine sentiments of an ardent admirer of the sex, "from whose love his being sprang," and whom he was born to protect and love. When a person is *far gone* in love—even with an unworthy object; they are not to be thus advised. The language of this writer is utterly unknown at the court of Cupid.—Lovers will, when thus addressed, always reply in the spirit of the Earl of Dorset, when wooing his mistress,

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit
To to let that fop, DISCRETION, ride
In triumph over it.

ADVICE TO GENTLEMEN IN LOVE.

Mr. Easy,

AS those who have unfortunately fallen victims to the passion of love, have generally their intellectual faculties, in a manner, altogether deranged, their imagination so wholly taken up in the contemplation of their beloved idol, and their entire system so enervated, that they are, for the most part, incapable of deliberating upon, or pursuing the proper method by which they might have any probability of obtaining the object of their wishes; a few remarks on the subject, may be productive of the most salutary effects, by directing the steps of such as are afflicted with a calamity so little sympathized by the greater part of those who have never experienced its excruciating tortures.

The plan mostly pursued by men who are deeply in love, is diametrically opposite to that which they ought to pursue. When a man is infatuated with the charms and accomplishments of a beautiful lady, he becomes impatient till time and place permit him to disclose his mind to his beloved object; and when an opportunity offers, he commonly addresses her in such a servile manner, and vents his passion with so much timidity, and in such a humiliating style, as totally to defeat himself in the very onset.

The lady to whom such addresses are paid (if she be not in some respects peculiar from the rest of her sex) is puffed up with vanity, feels sensations of her own extraordinary beauty, which, perhaps, she never before had done, begins to hold herself of very great importance, supports an air of dignity, bordering on disdain, with respect to her suitor, and commonly treats with contempt his most earnest intreaties; whereas, were he to conceal the violence of his passion as much as possible, and maintain a manly confidence while making his first advances, he might, probably meet with a different kind of reception, and be treated with more complacency.

My candid advice, therefore, to all who may have the misfortune to be wounded by Cupid's darts, is to be very circumspect on paying their first addresses. If a man should unhappily get so far prepossessed in favour of a young woman as to imagine he could not exist without her, I exhort him of all things not to let the fair one know, that she has gained such a powerful ascendency over his imagination;

but rather summon all the ingenuity he is master of to hide it from her. Let him first address her with spirit and confidence (though modestly and politely) and inform her, that from the estimate he has formed of her many amiable qualities, he is induced to believe, that sharing life with her would add much to his felicity: and if she could vouchsafe to think favourably of his most unfeigned proposals, and place her affections on him, he would prefer her to all other women, would continually use his best endeavours to make her happy, and vow indelible attachment for her, which should only terminate with his existence. If these or such like professions should fail to move her to love, or gain her affections, all the adulation of lovesick whining he could pour out, would, in all probability, prove ineffectual also. And if after making such a candid declaration of his attachment, she should give him a slight, or even a peremptory refusal, let him by no means attempt at that time to persist any farther; but rather inform her, that her conduct in that respect did not, in the least, displease him, as it only evinced her good sense and cultivated mind in not encouraging a suit which, he supposed, she had reason to think did not answer her, and should therefore relinquish the pleasing idea he had entertained of obtaining her. But let him add, that as he had formed too favourable an opinion of her mental endowments, he would wish to continue his visits as a friend, for he considered her company both entertaining and edifying. She of course, being an agreeable and accomplished lady (for certainly she must be such when her charms are capable of wounding so mortally the heart of her lover) will not refuse so reasonable a request. He may then make his visits pretty frequent, and must upon all seasonable occasions be very assiduous to please, endeavour as much as possible to anticipate her desires, and be as cheerful and agreeable whilst in her company as his disease will permit. If the lady did not repent dismissing him so hastily when he first made his proposals, particularly as he accepted her denial so readily, she may now, perhaps, begin to view him in a different light, and wish she had given him better encouragement. If such be her sentiments he may easily discern them in her countenance, in case his love fit has left him capable of any penetration. However, he had better not be too forward in observing any favourable change, but rather appear quite disinterested.—He may in his conversation observe to her, that he is desirous of joining himself to an agreeable woman for life; and as he was not fortunate enough to gain her affections, he hoped she would point out some one of her acquaintance whom she knew to be of a similar disposition with herself, and, who, perhaps, would approve of his intentions, as they really were honourable and sincere; also to observe, that he never intended to betray the trust a woman might place in him. By such declarations, she will be convinced of his sincerity, and if she think well of him, she probably will make her intention known by some witty inuendo or other, which if she does, he had better improve the opportunity to the best advantage. At all events, he must make a second attempt, and should she still reject him and continue inexorable, let him immediately banish every idea of her, and make all speed to place his affections on some other fair one, who will receive him more cordially and be more worthy of his love. P. W.

COMMON SENSE.—No. II.

ALL THE WORLD IS BUT A STAGE.

Mr. Easy,

I intend, in this number, to say something of the stage; and ardently hope, that certain sects of good christians will not bestow on me the uncharitable epithet *Infidel*, should I appear to ridicule extravagant transports of enthusiasm, frequent places of rational amusement, applaud theatrical performances, and the like.

Although *some* of the productions of the ablest masters of dramatic composition, may savour of frivolity and licenciousness, yet the scope and tenor of scenic representations eminently tend to the improvement of public morals; as frequently the noblest characters in human life are portrayed, the prime design of biography accomplished, and the various passions and prejudices of the human breast developed.

I am decidedly of opinion, that religion, whose design and tendency is to correct and keep within due bounds the prejudices and passions; and to suppress every thing which might have a tendency to invalidate the rules and precepts of the GOVERNOR OF WORLDS, may be powerfully aided by the great moral school, exhibited in the management of well regulated theatres.

Theatrical performances have long been a subject of declamation, amongst christians, under a belief, that they are pregnant with the most outrageous incentives to vice. Applauding the moral and religious examples of these pious people, I respectfully beg leave to differ from them in sentiment, and declare my respect for the drama. If they will take a peep into the ancient philosophers, they will find, that theatrical performances were held in the highest veneration by them; for, sensible of the inadequacy of school, and pulpit precepts alone, they had re-

course to the Drama, in order that the various characters of life might be represented to their pupils, in the most pertinent point of view; such as the Miser and Spendthrift; the Debauchee and Glutton, the Prodigal and Grotesque; together with all immoral practices and vicious habits; so as to excite in the youthful mind, an abhorrence of vice and immorality; for, by acting their parts well, the *personae dramatis* inculcated prejudice against such characters; which, no doubt, has a moral and edifying tendency. Theatrical performances, therefore, from their first institution, appear to have been designed to expose and ridicule vice, and, consequently, to inculcate virtue; inasmuch, as they point out deviations from decency, and reprehend the errors of all classes before their faces; which, indeed, often strike home with great force.

The reverend doctors instruct virtue and admonish vice, by dint of sermons, replete with edifying references to the holy scriptures, and invitations to pursue the infallibility, both scriptural and personal, of the Saviour of the world; which is conducive to great good. On the other hand, in my opinion, theatrical performances have a powerful tendency to check many growing follies of youth—warn them against vicious habits, by exhibiting to their view, the miscarriages of those who, unrestrained by prudence, fall victims to their immoral practices, gusts of passion and anger, which prevail, in a greater or less degree, in all grades of life: indeed, mankind are too subject to the bias of fashion and folly; and therefore, it is absolutely necessary and pertinent, that they should be checked when unruly passions unhinge their reason.

If those good christians, who declaim against dramatic performances, as "being a battery against religion," will draw aside the veil of prejudice, and open their minds to conviction, they will acknowledge, that some of the most pious and learned characters of antiquity allowed themselves free access to, and encouraged theatrical exhibitions. We find St. Paul, when at Athens, quoting that divine Lemeslée from the renowned poet and astrologer, Aratus of Cilecia, his countryman, whose words may be found in the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

If necessary, I could quote various other testimony from sacred history to prove, that the drama first originated in religion. Milton, that sublime poet, in his quotation from the holy father Origen, says, "The scriptures also afford us divine pastoral drama, in the song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus; and Origen rightly judges."

As a powerful instance of the utility of theatrical performances, I would recognize the great law-giver of Athens, the wise, and the virtuous Solon. He delighted in plays; and was in the habit of frequenting them from youth to old age; under the impression, if we give credit to Plutarch, that they were of great use in giving a polish to manners, and instilling principles of virtue. The divine Socrates too, may be found aiding Euripides in dramatical composition. Hence it must evidently appear, that theatrical exhibitions had been esteemed by men of unquestionable wisdom, piety and virtue, as having a tendency to give a polish to the manners, purify the taste, irradicate absurd customs, and instil into the minds of youth, principles of virtue.

In modern times, we find countenance given to theatrical performances by Addison and Young, of unquestionable virtue and piety; and indeed Whitfield, we are told, was a play-actor himself. Wesley too, acknowledges in the course of his writings, that the primitive christians were in the habit of performing the sacred drama of Job on the stage. And lastly: the magnanimous, great, and virtuous Washington, whose name will ever continue the object of reverence, was fond of theatrical amusements.

H.

Mr. Easy,

Professing a particular partiality to, and a prodigious predilection for, the letter P; the pleasing initial of that pretty Polly, to whom I am always proud to proffer my paltry productions; whether in presumptuously playful prose, or in piteously plaintive poetry, I present you with part of a British periodical publication entitled THE STUDENT, presuming you possess no peculiar prejudice, which will prevent or preclude the public eye from the perusal of a piece it contains—and am, your friend,

CŒLEBS.

Baltimore County, Nov. 4, 1805.

Parkplace, Nov. 2, 1746.

SIR,

Perceiving your desire to know how I past my time in *Pembrokeshire*, I here present you with an account of my proceedings in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. PRATT of *Pickton-Castle*, Mr. POWEL of *Penally*, and Mr. PUE of *Purley*, who had proposed to go and dine with Mr. PRITCHARD of *Postmain*; which was perfectly pleasing to the party and soon put in practice. However I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. PRITCHARD's, that he might provide for us; and we pro-

ceeded after him. The town where Mr. PRITCHARD lives is a poor pitiful paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavillion prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect particularly pointing towards *Percilly* hill, where he propagates a parcel of *Portuguese* and *Polish* poultry. The name of his house is *Prawfenden*, which puzzled me most plaguely to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fryed perch and plaise; at the lower end pickled pork, pease and parsnips; in the middle a pigeon pye, with puff paste; on the one side a potatoe pudding; and on the other side pig's petty toes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poults and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon for a provocative; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, pippins, plumbs, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. *Peter* the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantick pragmatical manner.—This displeased Mr. PRICE the parliament man, a profound politician; but he persisted and made a prolix preamble which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. PRICE, who is a potent party man, called him a popish parson, and said, he prayed privately in his heart for the pretender, and that he was a presumptuous priest for preaching such stuff publickly. The parson puft his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. PRICE was his patron; but at length losing all patience, he pluckt off Mr. PRICE's perriwig and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. PRICE perceiving a pewter pint pot full of purl in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to their proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccavi* with a *parce precor*, and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. PRICE, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested, he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. *Pue* who practices physick, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaister, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeded by politicks, as Mr. P—LTN—Y, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the king's of *Poland*, and *Prussia*, *Prague*, and the *Palatine*, *Pandours*, *Partizans*, *Portsmouth* parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports; and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. P—PE perched on a pedestal, and the price of the pit, pantomimes prudes, and the primate of *Ireland*, and printers and preferments, pickpockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig the poet laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophecy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. PRITCHARD, for he had placed a padlock on the stable door on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We pricked our palfries a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plump against the posts, which are prefixed to prevent horse passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. PRICE, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther; which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have pitched, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression, *pian piano*, as the *Italians* say, or *pazz d pazz* as the *French* phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars, till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at *Putney*, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,

To Mr. *Peter Pettiward*
at *Putney*. Your most humble servant,
Penny post paid. PLITO CICER.

We prefer a pert apology to Cæleb's, for postponing the publication of his pretty piece so long, and hope we may be permited to propose his proffering further aid.

A DIALOGUE

On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.

(Continued from page 22.)

1. You yourselves suggest the proper reply, when you say, that there are many persons who obstinately defend absurd opinions. Some there are, who either from natural infirmity or a defective education, seem destined to mar the force of reason. A college can no more reform such men, than our dancing-master, skilful as he is, can straighten a cripple, or correct a deformity.

But as for one,

"Whom nature with a finer mould
Has wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame,"

the habit of familiar, argumentation, as it exists here, trains him to moderation in the defence of his opinions, because they can never be enforced by the voice of clamour, or the dictum of authority. We recognise no controversial legislator among us. The disputant must summon reason to his aid, or learn to be silent, when this necessity is duly felt, it operates as the most powerful of all checks, upon that contentious habit, which is the ordinary defect of a light mind, fond of pouring itself forth, without discernment or discretion.

That vanity, moreover, which leads us to thirst after the petty triumphs of conversation, is held under continual restraint, by the number of those, who are always on the watch to mortify it whenever it appears. We do not even tolerate the natural exultation of success; if the student should appear elated, he would soon receive his punishment, in the raillery and sarcasms of his antagonists.

2d. I believe that pride is taught to disguise itself, and may, by this means, lose something of its grossness. But, public education is further said, to increase the activity of this principle in a two-fold degree, and to render it the main spring of literary advancement. We think, indeed, to conceal its nature, by decorating it with the name of emulation, and, by thus metamorphosing into a virtue, one of the most odious of vices, we strain every nerve, to give it additional energy. Eulogies, distinctions, rewards, all that can excite rivalry, or inflame ambition, is vigorously called into action. Even at this exhibition, where we are about to bestow the laurel wreath on the victor, what do we do, but crown the labours of pride? From the moment we entered this house, we have been solicitously taught to regard this, as a day of triumph to some, and confusion to others; that is to say, a day, on which self-love, was to be either gratified or humbled. Is it not deplorable, that in order to stimulate a youth to exertion, the first step in our progress must be, to instil into his mind one of the worst of vices, and to subjugate him to the dominion of a passion, one of the most cruel and calamitous that can afflict humanity!—

What can finally be expected from so imprudent a system, and what will be the character of the man, whose childhood, is for so many years thus disciplined in the warfare of vanity? Your pupil will carry with him into the world the spirit of emulation which you have infused. The most insignificant of his faults, will be an insatiable thirst for applause, and a wish to be revered as a prodigy of erudition. Fortunate will it be, if he do no more than outrage the public with his extravagant pretensions, without violating the dictates of conscience, or the principles of honour! He then will be merely a wearisome pedant from whom we may escape by flight. But if the love of glory, with which you have pampered him at college, should govern him as imperiously on the great theatre of the world, what flagrant errors, what acts of injustice, what atrocities may he not be driven to commit? The lust of praise being then, as it is now, his sole principle of action, to gratify it, he will not hesitate to consult the genius of his age, by declaiming the language of impiety, or inculcating the maxims of libertinism. His pen will become the instrument of malignity to calumniate virtue. His voice will be raised at the bar, not to protect innocence, but to uphold oppression; not to promote the sacred ends of justice, but to legalize the spoliations of fraud. Who can calculate the multitude or enormity of the evils, which a system of education, founded alone in pride, must entail on society?

3d. How sir! would you banish emulation altogether, and proscribe public education because it leaves no means untried to excite the former? But what would you substitute for so necessary and operative a stimulous? for, something is requisite to subdue the natural repugnance of a child for the dullness of study? You cannot believe that at his age, he will be sufficiently impressed with the importance of the first elements of knowledge, to conquer, without some adventitious aid the disgust they are calculated to excite. From the means in your power you should select such as are most suitable to the dignity of his nature and best adapted to exalt his views, and qualify him for an important station in life—But I ask where is the incentive to be found, which so fully combines all these advantages as emulation?

You cannot surely place the dread of punishment on the same footing. It may be applied to certain minds incapable of being actuated by more noble motives, and even

occasionally to persons, better disposed by nature, but whose indolence or levity, counteract the force of their reason. But this is still a violent remedy, always to be administered, with heart-felt reluctance, and never to be at all administered until after full proof of the inefficacy of every other.

The only punishment proper for the generality of children, is the disgrace attached to doing ill, or not doing sufficiently well. But the dread of this disgrace springs from the same source, and is essentially connected, with emulation—or rather, to speak more correctly, is the same impulse, which leads us to sigh for victory, and tremble at defeat.

Why stigmatise so laudable a feeling with the name of a vice? Why impress upon it the stamp of pride? Is there then no just measure of glory, which we can seek without guilt, and enjoy without arrogance. The proud man is he, who extends his views beyond his proper sphere, and claims distinctions to which he is not entitled. But the boy, who enters the lists and struggles for victory, obeys a generous and honourable impulse. He would be a coward to decline the contest. The proud man regards himself as a prodigy, swells with his own ideal importance, and looks with an eye of contempt on all around him. But these traits are not applicable to the boy, who while he reaps the reward of his labours, remembers, that they are but the labours of childhood, and that those, whom he now leaves behind, may, in their turn, be destined to outstrip him, in more dignified and important pursuits.

To demonstrate the impropriety of making emulation the soul of public instruction, after confounding the former with pride, you then ascribe to it a portion of the disorders, which that vice engenders in society. Nothing is more lazy, than to decry an institution, by attributing to it, effects properly appertaining to another cause. I do not acknowledge this as a legitimate mode of reasoning. But to the train of evils which emulation is thus erroneously made to produce, I shall oppose the incalculable benefits, it undoubtedly has confered and still confers on mankind. To it, we owe all those splendid efforts of genius, and that diffusion of intellectual light, which constitute the boast of human reason. Yes, mankind would still grope in ignorance, still writhe under the pressure of all its incidental miseries, had not the love of fame exalted some minds above the common herd! would those wise legislators, the original benefactors of our race, ever have become what they were, if a secret voice, an invisible hand, nad not pointed out their path, and hurried them irresistibly on, to the fulfilment of their destiny? Would the founders of empires whose moderation went hand in hand with the plenitude of their power, ever have aimed at bearing the burden of supreme authority, had not a secret, energetic impulse taught them, that such was the will of Heaven? Would the illustrious men of every rank and age, have run their glorious career, had they been insensible to the allurements of public esteem?

It is apprehended that we may be induced to purchase this esteem at the price of conscience and honour. But would conscience and honour be more secure, if we looked upon it with indifference? Is there no longer any obloquy attached to vice, that we should make it the basis of our reputation, or has virtue sunk so low, as to render her cause dishonourable? However degenerate this age, may be, the sound portion of the community, still patronize genuine merit, and a mind, ennobled by emulation, becomes still more tremulously alive to reproach, still more solicitous to preserve an unblemished fame.

1st. In acknowledging the ingenuity of your arguments, I shall take the liberty of ramarking, that you both appear to have fallen into an error, usually overlooked in the heat of dispute; that of considering two questions totally distinct; so that the arguments of each, tend reciprocally, to prove what the other has never denied. The advocate of emulation proclaims the extent of its benefits, when circumscribed within the bounds of justice and moderation; while his antagonist descants on the miseries it may occasion, when it degenerates into pride. The one speaks true, the other advances nothing false. But our object is, to ascertain the propriety of exciting emulation as it is done in colleges. This point is not settled. For how can we approve or condemn a custom, by simply knowing the good and evil it may produce, which only serves to prove, that there are reasons both for its rejection and admission?

I shall, therefore, take a middle course: In reflecting on the arguments of both, I see clearly, that emulation is the most powerful incentive that can be employed for children, and best calculated to exalt their views and dignify their sentiments; but I am, at the same time, convinced, that this laudable spirit may degenerate into pride. I therefore conclude, that emulation is a principle of action, which may be rendered, ministerial both to good and evil; and that if it should not be proscribed, because it it is necessary, neither ought it to be incautiously excited, because it is dangerous. An institution wisely conducted will preserve a medium, and in rousing emulation, will be careful to restrain it within proper bounds.

2d. I willingly submit to your mediation if this be the practice of colleges. However apprehensive I may be of the

evils I have heard detailed, I should sincerely regret the necessity, if it could be proved, of banishing emulation altogether; and to confess the truth, I know not how it could be dispensed with. But it will be difficult to point out, in our colleges, the means of restraining its excesses.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

LONAD's defence of the friend of "B," was returned to the Printers, marked for publication. It has been mislaid by them; we therefore hope the author will furnsih us with a copy of it, if in his power. For although we do not wish to encourage controversy, yet are we willing he should be heard this once.

BIBO's Parody on Dr. Johnson's "Extravagant Heir" is received. We will give this *gormandizer* an early insertion. He writes in the true style of an English beef-eater; and his awful preparation to have at the Turkey, &c. reminds us of the havoc of the TIN-FINGERED CLUB, while we feel very thankful that we are at a respectful distance from his knife. From the easy carelessness of Bibo's production, we are not to infer that the writer is destitute of reflection; for the insinuation in the last verse, that an epicure may soon *eat his way into a jail*, evinces no common knowledge of the human character. Qure—Can't this correspondent mount his pegassus more than once a year?

We have been informed, that several have enquired of the Publishers, whether the "Scottish Tale" is not to be completed? It is our intention to continue this interesting story, after the next number, which will contain the last of the "Dialogue," a paper we esteem as much more interesting to our Baltimore readers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

With a high degree of pleasure, to be derived from the assistance of no common pen, we hasten to introduce to our friends, a *Grand Censor,** whose pleasing strains, in various measure, have oft charmed the readers of the Companion. We delight to lend the rod to one, who understands so well its use. The satire of a master poet has a twofold effect; and the most stubborn bungler will remain passive, when corected by one who is known to be himself correct.

We anticipate a continuation of the liberal assistance formerly afforded by this writer, whose nice hand has culled many a handsome flower for our parnassian wreath. But, busied in distant scenes, our pages have long lamented the absence of the classic verse of X. Gladdened on his return, we respectfully remind him, that *he* cannot

"Pass thro' the world's tumultuous throng—
"Unseen, *unheeded,* move along,
"And gain the envied bow'r"

of "Indifference."

* *One flap of whose wing is sufficient to extinguish the glimmering light scarcely discernable in the following production, taken from the "Petit Censeur"—a French Magazine, published at Philadelphia.*

LA CHEMINEE.

COUPLETS FAITS AU COIN DU FEU.

Pour uncerveau comme le mien,
L'air est trop vif sur le Parnasse :
J'y suis transi, je ne sens rien ;
Et ma pauvre verve est de glace.
En vain dit-on qu'en d'autres lieux
Mes vers s'en iront en fumée,
Pour m'échauffer un peu, je veux
Ecrire sur la cheminée.

Dans l'hiver c'est un rendez-vous
Pour passer le soir en famille ;
Grands et petits, sages et fous,
Chacun rit, travaille ou babille :
Là sous d'innocens petits jeux
Douce pénitence donné,
Souvent allume d'autres feux,
Près du feu de la cheminée.

De mémoire encor combattant
J'aime à voir un vieux militaire
M'entretenir, en tisonnant,
De ses amours et de la guerre.
Il croit entendre le canon,
Et caresser sa bien-aimée---
Ce feu d'imagination
Vient du feu de la cheminée.

Sous la cheminée, en tout temps,
On voit faire des mariages ;
Juger des sots et des savans,
Des bons et des mauvais ouvrages.
Mais taisons-nous ; je m'appercois
Que ma verve s'est épuisée ;
Mon feu s'éteint, et, malgré moi,
Il faut quitter la cheminée.

LA CHEMINEE BURLESQUED.

I grant indeed it is not right
For Frenchmen to extend their flight
So far as mount Parnassus ;
For if they get there, we are told
They feel more senseless, dull and cold,
Than hanging on a gallows.
But tho' they seldom climb so high,
We meet with few who do not try,
Or teaze us with excuses ;
As one who own'd his lack of brain,
Yet chose a *chimney* for his strain,
In hopes to please the muses.

He tells us that when night comes on,
And morning's past and evening gone,
How pleasant in cold weather,
For great and small, wise men and fools,
To draw around their chairs or stools
And huddle close together;
Where each can chat and work or grin,
Talk scandal, kiss, or toss off gin,
And pass the hours in joking;
Where love is often known to stray,
Nor ever known to run away,
But when the chimney's smoking.

Again in lofty strain he tells
With what delight he often dwells
On barbarous deeds of battle,
When an old soldier at his side
By many a warlike feat beli'd
Describes the cannon's rattle;
And as he mumbles o'er and o'er
His wonton tricks with many a w——,
Though you or I should scorn her;
The poet asks what could inspire
Such courage, such uncommon fire,
Unless a chimney corner?

'Tis by the chimney side, he says,
In these, as well as former days,
We mostly form love matches;
And freely judge of right, or wrong,
Of ev'ry work, in prose or song,
That teeming fancy hatches;
And having thus ransack'd his sconce
To tell what's plain to every dunce,
---A chimney's meant for fire---
He tries at last to reach its top,
Then humbly begs our leave to stop,
Since he can climb no higher!

BLUE EY'D ANNA.

Smoothly swell'd the waves of ocean,
Hush'd the thunder's awful roar;
Lonely, and with sad emotion,
Blue ey'd Anna press'd the shore:

All beneath a drooping willow,
Emblem of her grief, she stood;
Whilst to shore in murm'ring billow
Peaceful roll'd the glassy flood.

On her absent sailor pond'ring,
Whilst her bosom heav'd a sigh;
"Where," she cried, "is William wand'ring,
"Far from Anna's anxious eye?

"Gentle breezes, bear him to me,
"Give him to this faithful breast;
"Guardian angels! guide the wand'rer,
"Once more to his hav'n of rest!

"O! if Heaven, safely over,
"Waft him to his native shore;
"I'll so closely hold the rover,
"He shall never wander more."

Thus she spoke, while Hope stood greeting---
Through the gloom of eve she spy'd;
Now advancing, now retreating,
O'er the waves a barque to glide.

See the boat to shore advancing,
High with joy her bosom swells;
Transport all her soul entrancing,
While fond hope new rapture tells.

Hapless maid! soon bitter anguish,
Low thy promis'd joys shall lay;
Thou art doom'd in woe to languish,
Death has stole thy love away!

While the fatal news receiving,
From her cheek the colour flies;
Dreadful gief her bosom heaving,
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

All her heart is wild commotion.
Loud she calls her sailor boy;
"Ah! how couldst thou, cruel ocean,
"Rob me of my only joy!

"Tell me, ye whom angels guarded,
"When you saw him on the wave:
"Struggling 'mid the foaming billows,
"Could you not my William save?

"When black storms the ocean cover'd,
"And the dreadful tempest blew;
"Was there no kind angel hover'd,
"O'er my hapless William too?

"Farewell hope, adieu forever!
"Ev'ry joy, alike farewell!
"Smiling peace, again, must never
"In this tortur'd bosom dwell!"

Thus spoke lovely blue ey'd Anna,
While soft pity, touch'd each breast;
From each eye the tear came stealing,
Tears that honest grief confest.

Who that saw thee, wretched maiden,
Could refuse the mournful sigh;
Pity for a fellow creature,
Never melted in his eye.

Frenzi'd now is hapless Anna,
To the lone beach oft she roves;
Wond'ring still, why stays her William,
From the maid he fondly loves?

Daily from the sea-beat willow,
Still she views the boat with joy;
On the ocean's distant billow,
Wafting o'er her sailor boy!---